

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## TOO LATE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In snowy draperies like a bride,  
With roses heaped upon my breast,  
With folded hands and quiet feet,  
And sad heart too worn out to beat,  
I lay at summer even-tide.

I heeded not who came, what said,  
One lingering, longing thought of you,  
Shut out the world—and all intent  
I listened while the long hours went,  
For the old-time, familiar tread.

You came at last, when all were gone,  
And what was written on your face,  
Even through my sealed lids I saw;  
And felt my frozen blood would thaw,  
My clouded sunset change to dawn.

At least I might when your soft breath,  
Fell warm upon my forehead cold,  
Look up with flushing cheeks, and say  
"I loved you always."—Helpless clay!  
Love could not break the bonds of Death.

Green is my grave now in your sight,  
Where I in sweet contentment sleep.  
Heart-warm even yet with what, too late,  
Came to perfect my earthly fate,  
The reading of your heart aight.

M. SIMPSON.

## SYDNE ADRIANCE;

OR,

TRYING THE WORLD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,  
AUTHOR OF "IN TRUST," "CLAUDIA," &c.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

What miracle  
Can work me into hope? Heaven here is bankrupt—  
The wondering gods blinsh at their want of power,  
And quite abashed, confess they cannot help me.—*Nat Lee.*

"My dear Sydnie, you have come to your senses at last," Mrs. Lawrence commended with a smile. "I am thoroughly glad. But there is only three months in which to prepare, so we must be expeditious."

"Three months! Why, one could be married a hundred times in that period."

"I suppose so, if the ceremony were all. The engagement had better be announced immediately."

"Announced!" I exclaimed aghast.

"A very short time, I assure you. You will be busy shopping and having sewing done, and go very little into society."

"I don't expect to begin wedding dresses until December at least," I said positively, "and I do hate to be gossiped about. Three weeks will be the utmost limit of my endurance."

"What are you thinking of?" And her soft eyes opened in unblushing astonishment.

"Thinking that no announcement or wedding dresses will be made for the next two months. Aylmer goes home to-morrow, and we shall return to our usual life."

"This is most unreasonable!"

"Most reasonable it appears to me. Twenty things may occur—death, disagreement, changes. I don't want to hear one word of the matter outside of Laurelwood. I mean to take all the comfort and pleasure that belong to Miss Adriance proper, and the first of December I promise to deliver myself into your hands and become the most pliable young woman you ever saw."

"What a singular girl!"

"Yes, I am singular. It is the last gasp of expiring liberty."

"One would think you did not wish to be married."

"I believe I don't. But it's a woman's destiny, and what matters a few years, sooner or later?"

"You do love Aylmer?"

"As well perhaps as I am capable of loving any one. I've almost become a convert to your faith. He will make a charming husband, fond, indulgent and all that, and I shall no doubt settle into a sensible wife. The old belief was all a farce, the chimera of a school girl's brain."

She glanced at me in silence.

"Dear Mrs. Lawrence," and my tone softened, "be patient with me this brief while. Only I don't want the talk and the congratulations until the latest moment."

"We shall have to do something though! We couldn't more than make the dresses in three weeks."

"Do all that can be done quietly then. Save the fuss and the tumult to the very last."

With this we compromised.

Aylmer and I parted tenderly, after the fashion of lovers. Was I hypocritical and insincere? Heaven knows that I was honest in my resolve, that I meant to use my utmost endeavors to make this man happy when he laid his sleeping life within my hands. But this restless mood tortured me into strange phantasies.

Mr. St. John was polite, interested in all that demanded his concern, but cold, and withdrew into self, abstracted. He might have experienced a momentary twinge of jealousy concerning Aylmer, but he had not been moved thereto by any love for me. Every day I realized this more and more. No betrayal, no weak moment of tenderness, no longing. A great gulf was between.

And yet I lived through the two months very comfortably. The old gayeties seemed to have a fresh zest for me. I was brilliant, attractive and glittering, like an ice-peacock in the sun of a midwinter noon. Nothing seemed to warn me, to touch me with that enkindling spark of humanity which brings all souls to a level. So the days sped along.

With the first of December came Aylmer.

"My darling," he said, "how wonderfully beautiful you have grown; but there's a look about it that almost frightens one."

"Do you fancy that I shall melt into a shadow, etherealize?"

"No, not that. The Scotch have a good word for it—uncanny."

I laughed.

"You'll set all Washington to raving about you this winter."

"Well, if I soar too high you can clip my wings, you know."

"I shall never want to do that, my darling. Believe that I shall be proud of all the admiration you win."

So generous, so delighted in the success of another. I tried to make him feel that I appreciated his tenderness.

Mrs. Lawrence was in her element. I verily believe she and Aylmer were much more concerned about the respective elegances of silks, laces and jewels than I. That should care so much for the adornment of the body, so little for the ailment of the soul. After the excitement was over, what then? After one wearied of dresses and revels and idle compliments, what could appease this restless, gnawing hunger?

Matters went on to everybody's satisfaction, except that it rained continually and kept us indoors.

"Do you realize the date, and how fast the month is going?" Mrs. Lawrence asked one morning.

"Why? Are you counting on the moon to make a change in the weather?" and Aylmer yawned. "I verily believe the sun has forgotten how to shine."

"It is the tenth, and not an invitation directed."

"There's plenty of time," I said quickly.

"None to spare, at least."

"I wish people could get married without all this foolish fuss and talk," I exclaimed apathetically.

Aylmer glanced up. "I believe this vile weather affects you too. The first respectable morning we will take a good long gallop and bring ourselves back to serenity."

"Well," I said with an effort, "let us amuse ourselves counting up our dear five hundred friends."

With that we adjourned to the library.

Aylmer was quite out of spirits, more so than I had ever seen him. There might be many rainy days to life—what then?

Moralizing over one's wedding cards was not quite the thing.

Presently we all became interested. The lists were gone over by each one, all the additions made, and then St. John offered to direct them. Aylmer amused himself writing a few, then sauntered up and down the room.

A sky of hopeless gray, drooping so low that it seemed to envelope the tree tops; a drizzling, uncomfortable rain, and a melancholy wail through the distant pines. More than once the vision of Aunt Mildred's death crossed my mind. How strange that I should be saved?

There was a sky of azure and a golden sun the next morning. I felt faint, as one who has kept too long a vigil, and yet I lay in a bush of dreamy contentment. As if the crisis of my life had passed, and my heart, like the dove of old, had found rest. Had I the courage to put my latent desire into execution?

I dressed slowly, and went down-stairs. The letters detained by the storm of the preceding day had just arrived.

"I intended to see you before you went," Mrs. Lawrence was saying to the servant.

"There is a great package of mail matter that must be sent immediately."

While she was speaking, Aylmer started towards me nodding gayly, his face wreathed in sweetest smiles. My heart wavered so that its beating became audible. Could I give him a traitorous glance, promising hope?

He paused and took up a letter, breaking the seal hastily. A quick cry passed his lips.

"What?" Mrs. Lawrence was startled by the ashen brow.

She glanced at me in silence.

"Dear Mrs. Lawrence," and my tone softened, "be patient with me this brief while. Only I don't want the talk and the congratulations until the latest moment."

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face this was, thrown into clear relief by the crimson pillow! An exterior merely—the soul was narrow, dark, ill-governed, with no resources in itself. Could I minister to it, could I endure it for years and years?

"How dull you are to-night."

This time I was wounded. I stood irresolute, every pulse within me mutinous, and rising to a white heat.

"My darling," he said with sudden softness, and drew me to a seat beside him. "When we get to Washington we shall be as gay as larks. I only wish Christmas came sooner."

The fondness had lost its flavor. Kisses were weak and insipid. There was no true and fervent depth in him to be roused by love. All that I had been trying to make myself believe vanished in an instant and left a hideous blank. Already we had come to the dregs. In time, when utterly wearied of his vapidity and trifles, I might even have him, I shivered at the thought.

"You're not well," he said. "This miserable weather has given you a cold. Isabelle, I can't have her looking like a fright on her wedding day."

"Never fear," I answered, bravely, and with a touch of scorn.

"I think it would be as sensible to retire as sitting up here playing stupid," Mrs. Lawrence remarked, and we accordingly dispersed.

Circumstances had betrayed me into this engagement, but must I go on and consummate my misery? Was there no strong hand to snatch me from this fatal destiny? Did I dare pray to God?

Oh, had I trifled so with life, with myself! I had perverted the holiest desires of my woman's heart, stooped to gather shinings and sand that the next wave might wash away.

With great capacities for happiness I had wrought evil only, and now I was whirled helplessly along the great stream of life, no one caring for the wreck. The time foretold by my one best friend had come upon me, and I was overwhelmed.

Something rose above the storm without and within. My tense nerves caught the sound—a low, sweet strain, such as a summer wind sings in the lap of greenest meadows. Flower wreaths shaking out faintest perfumes, murmurous leaves touched by a soft south wind. Then it grew stronger, firmer, as if animated by a living soul. A child in careless play, rambling over mountain wilds, prodigal of youth and all that youth holds dear. Gay, joyous, soaring on the wings of fancy, quivering with every breath, easily moved alike to joy or tears.

I forgot the storm and my own misery. I raised my face and listened with absorbing interest.

Girded with the fearlessness of youth that has courage for all things, it went gayly onward. Byways enticed it, mountain tops glittering with brightness hurried it, beguiling voices of sirens sang their tender songs, and then the real struggle began. The storm, the strange melody, the war in my own heart—how it thrilled me with contending emotions.

There was a lull in the tempest of passion. I heard the calm, sweet voice of the earlier day imploring, then the din and wrangle of bitter strife. A strange, awesome wail as of a soul in peril. Who would gain in this mighty battle?

The gentle voice returned. It was Peace crowned as a victor. The storm of passion died away, and in its place lingered a sweet, ineffable calm.

Was that solemn chant of life prophetic? I was kneeling in the brooding silence with clasped hands and tearful eyes. Could I yet be saved?

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"My father! Dead! Merciful heavens!" Mr. St. John joined the group. There was no mistaking his solicitude.

"Dead!" Mrs. Lawrence repeated, raising her eyes in consternation.

He handed the note to St. John. A hasty telegram that made known only the merest facts.

"I must go immediately, you see;" and Alymer's voice had a strange wandering sound.

"The first train." Then he came around to me.

"These festivities must be delayed," I said, in a low tone.

"A bad omen;" and he smiled faintly.

"No master now."

"It is best. No one would want a wedding at such a gloomy time. And then, everything will have to be changed."

"Yes."

"My darling, this is most unfortunate."

"I am inexpressibly shocked," Mrs. Lawrence said. "You have our warmest sympathies, Alymer;" and she clasped his hand.

"We were less gay than usual, as Mrs. Lawrence was indisposed for several weeks, yet the time passed very pleasantly, and we were hardly aware spring dawned upon us.

One day I was startled by a letter from Mrs. Otis, so different was it from her usual epistles. I thought they all had a strained and wearied air, as if she was striving for peace continually, and yet failed to attain that high satisfaction. But this was bright, sunny and hopeful. She asked me to come and help her keep a new and better wedding day on the anniversary of the old. The whole current of her life had changed.

Another sentence held me in a strange, cold grasp. It was this—"Is it selfish, dear, to rejoice that your engagement is broken? I seem to understand a woman's needs so much better than I did a year ago, that I feel now, brilliant and fascinating as Alymer Channing is, he could never render any true, loving and loyal woman permanently happy. To come to the dregs when one has expected a draught of clear, rich wine, would be terrible."

"I will write soon and let you know



## Five Brothers' Five Fixes.

## PREFATORY.

We had not all met together for nearly thirteen years. We were five brothers: Dick the settler, a confirmed old bachelor who had prospered in New Zealand; Jack the sailor, who had been all over the world,

One foot on land and one on sea,  
To one thing constant never;

Ned the parson, who was married; Harry the soldier, always in search of a wife who could live on a red-coat's pay; and lastly, myself, a barrister, married, and rejoicing in the name of Charles.

We were assembled together at our brother Ned's vicarage in Oxfordshire in January, 1866. The frost was severe, the snow deep on the ground. One evening after dinner, before the ladies, consisting of Ned's wife and mine, had left us, it was proposed by one of our number, that as we had not all met together for so long a time, and possibly, or probably, might not all come together again, in health and spirits, we should amuse ourselves by each honestly relating in turn the greatest fix he had ever been in. Objections of course were raised. The parson was very fond of his rubber, when he could get one among his relations and friends, who did not judge him harshly, and he would have much preferred whist.

"Nonsense, Ned; it is sure to snow all to-morrow; we will adjourn after breakfast to the most remote bedroom, and play at cards all day, if you like, with the blinds down."

This was said by Sailor Jack, to whom one hour out of the twenty-four was exactly the same as another, whether for sleeping, eating, drinking, playing, or working.

"Well, but," said Dick, "owing to my New Zealand habits, I cannot tell a yarn myself, nor listen to other men's yarns, unless I have a pipe; and Mrs. Ned will only let us smoke in the kitchen, and that not until half-past ten, when the servants have gone to bed."

Forthwith, Soldier Harry began to demonstrate to Mrs. Ned that with snow eight inches deep in the open, and eight feet deep where it had drifted, no one would dream of calling to-morrow, or for the next week at least, not even the ubiquitous Lord Bishop; that the parson's study was musty like himself, and wanted airing; that his books were damp, and would be all the better for tobacco-smoke. To cut the matter short, in half an hour's time five pipes were going in the Rev. Edward Temple's study—for even the parson smoked when led into temptation—and six pair of ears were ready to listen to the narration of the fix the seventh individual was relating. I say six pair of ears, for Ned's wife and mine joined our party—I believe from curiosity—they said to keep us from smoking too much, and sitting up too late. Well, it was unladylike or ungenteel, I grant you, my reader, five pipes, two ladies; but it was Christmas-time, we had not met for very many years, the snow had drifted so much that entrance through the front-door was impossible; we could only get out at the back-door, so that, owing to the weather, there was not much chance of our being disturbed and detected; and, moreover, I had strictly promised that if I ever printed the fixes, I would either not mention the fact of the ladies having been present at the recital thereof, or else I would suppress all illusion to the pipes. The ladies will not see the proof-sheets of this; I shall be able to manage my wife when she comes across it in print; and as for Ned's wife, I will not go and see her till the matter has blown over.

## DICK THE SETTLER'S FIX.

"Before I begin," said Dick, "let me distinctly understand that there is to be no shirking on the part of any of us, no keeping back part of our biggest fix, no substituting a fix for the fix of our lives."

"All right, Dick; we promise; go on. But why make such a fuss?"

"Why, my dear fellow? Why, because I could tell you of lots of fixes with brother-settlers, with wild cattle, with Maoris, and so forth, most of them, too, terminating to my credit; but if I am to tell you the biggest fix of my life, I shall be writing myself down an ass, and you all will have a laugh against me."

"Go on, Dick—go on," resounded through the room; and Dick began his tale. But he looked so sheepish and so pale, that any one, seeing him for the first time, would infallibly have imagined that he had smoked too much, and was going to be ill; whereas all the tobacco and all the drink in the world would hardly have made any impression upon so seasoned a subject as he was. Let me add that he was, and always had been, the most unmarrying, unmarriageable bachelor that ever existed. If his language is at times slightly unclassical, bear in mind the all but solitary life he had led in New Zealand. I took his story down in short-hand as he spoke.

"You see, old fellow, some fourteen years ago, I wanted to marry."

"Wanted to marry, Dick," roared we; "you wanted to marry!"

"Now, look you," said Dick, "if you won't let a fellow tell his story in his own way, I can't and won't go on. I tell you that some fourteen years ago I did want to marry. I did not care for a bit of pink and white flesh, as most fools do. I would rather have kissed my rifle than any bride under the sun; but I wanted to marry. I was going out to New Zealand, and wished to take with me one who would look after my house, who would cook my meals, and talk to a fellow when smoking his pipe at night, and mend his bags when they were torn. Now, I am as dab a hand as the (late) Bishop of New Zealand himself in patching my breeches, but formerly I was not. Well, I saw clearly now one could do all this for me but a wife, so I determined to marry. I said nothing to any one about the matter—first, because I knew I should get so roasted on the subject of the bare possibility of my being in love that my life would be made miserable; secondly, because my time was short, and I was determined to make quick work, and choose for myself, instead of letting others make a mull of the business for me. On turning the matter over in my mind, the only two ladies I could think of who would suit my book were Fanny Fitzpatrick, a jolly young woman, whose father was a kind of Irish squire; and

Margaret Leslie, the first daughter of a fast Devonshire parson. I should think some of you fellows must have known Margaret in former days; at any rate, I know that you have been in her company in the ball-room and in the hunting-field. The question was, which should I propose to first. Margaret had the best seat on horseback, and would make a capital settler's wife, as far as hard outdoor life, horse-catching, horse-breaking, &c., were concerned; but then, somehow, Fanny seemed to have more "go" in her; she stuck at nothing outdoors, indoors, upstairs, down-stairs, with friends, with strangers; she was able to do everything simply, I believe, because she had pluck to go at everything. In audacity, she rivalled Lord John."

"Yes, but," interrupted Mrs. Ned, "you surely, Dick, were not going to marry because a girl could ride well or work well; and you could not have loved both Fanny and Margaret."

"Besides, Dick," added my wife, "you know little of a woman's heart if you think she would value that kind of love, and she would at once, by instinct, gauge the amount of your affection."

"Both!" almost roared Dick, changing from the color of a peony to the sodden paleness of a Liverpool and Isle of Man excursionist. "I never said I did love, did I? I don't know anything about it, thank goodness; and what is more, I will be bound to say that if you could get to the bottom of the matter, you would find that Ned and Charles had only married you for some such reason as I mention."

Ned and I of course at once went through pantomimic action to the effect that Dick was a horrible mendacious wretch, raising our eyes to the ceiling, and so on; while our wives looked tenderly and fondly into our loving faces.

Dick proceeded: "Time was getting on, and I could not make up my mind which would suit me best, Fanny or Margaret. At last, I was obliged to decide, but could not easily, so I tossed up a shilling—heads, Margaret; tails, Fanny."

"Oh, wretched!" groaned the wives.

"The bob came down tails, so it was a case of Fanny. What I wrote to her exactly, I forget; but it was to the point—namely, that I had so much money; was going to New Zealand; wanted a wife; and would take her, if she would have me. I added, that to save her the bother of writing a refusal, I should conclude, if I did not hear in a fortnight, that she did not mean to accept my offer. Well, day after day passed on, and I heard nothing. I suppose you fellows would say that I was on the tender-hooks of expectation, and all that kind of bosh—not a bit of it; I did not care much—if Fanny did not rise at my fly, I would throw for Margaret; and if I could not hook and land either, why, after all, I could, I supposed, net an old cook in Auckland, who would, for a time, do for me. At last, the fourteen days had elapsed; I waited one more day to make sure. No answer. So it was clear that Fanny would not have me. Well, then, I proceeded to try and lasso the other fishily. I thought of applying to the parson, Ned, to write the second letter for me to Margaret, because all that kind of thing and gammon was in his line." [Ned looked indignant.] "But then I thought that either Margaret would smell a rat, or that perhaps Ned would not for himself." [Ned's wife looked daggers.] "So I wrote myself to Margaret pretty much the same kind of epistle as I sent to Fanny; but I left out the fortnight part of the business. A few days afterwards, I received two letters by post, one of which I thought looked like a dun; the other was from Margaret, full of what you people would, I suppose, call gushing sentimentality. She accepted me. I was at length delighted, and she was distracted with happiness, or some such stuff, at being able at length to sign herself my loving Margaret."

"James, kick him: I will double your wages; a sovereign for every kick you give the rascal;" and he threw three or four sovereigns on the table. James elevated his foot at the sight of gold, and advanced. "Sir, I am," said I, "the victim of circumstances." "You and your circumstances be—; and that was the last I heard as I bolted out of the room from my exasperated No. 1 father-in-law—that was-to-be, and from his footman's toe. The parson said I all but made him swear. The fact was, he had used very uncivil language. What is meant by swearing, I hardly know, but his language had been much worse than I have repeated, or probably than he had imagined. I banged the hall-door after me, and was soon after on my road back to town. Well, thought I, if that is the fuss the clerical gentleman makes about a mistake, what on earth will the Irish squire say? I was half inclined, on second thoughts, to marry Fanny Fitzgerald; and then it struck me, if such a course was not right before I had seen Mr. Leslie, I shall kick you out. Be off, sir, I say, or I shall soon forget myself, and swear. Be off, or James shall kick you out!" He rang the bell for the footman. "James, kick the rascal out!" James hesitated.

"Allow me to explain, sir," said I.

"You rascal, you have tried to explain; you dog, you traducer of my poor daughter's innocence." What on earth he meant exactly, I do not know, nor probably did he in his rage. "You come here, you steal my child's affections; I would horsewhip you, if it was not for my cloth. You dared not have thus outraged my feelings if I had not been a clergyman." Be off with you, or James shall kick you out. Be off, sir, I say, or I shall soon forget myself, and swear. Be off, or James shall kick you out!" He rang the bell for the footman. "James, kick the rascal out!" James hesitated.

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"James, kick him, kick him to the front-door, and down the drive."

I was getting angry. James looked at both of us. He did not know what to do.

"Allow me, sir, to explain again; don't you see that it is my misfortune, not my fault?"

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"James, kick him: I will double your wages; a sovereign for every kick you give the rascal;" and he threw three or four sovereigns on the table. James elevated his foot at the sight of gold, and advanced.

"Sir, I am," said I, "the victim of circumstances."

"You and your circumstances be—; and that was the last I heard as I bolted out of the room from my exasperated No. 1 father-in-law—that was-to-be, and from his footman's toe. The parson said I all but made him swear. The fact was, he had used very uncivil language. What is meant by swearing, I hardly know, but his language had been much worse than I have repeated, or probably than he had imagined. I banged the hall-door after me, and was soon after on my road back to town. Well, thought I, if that is the fuss the clerical gentleman makes about a mistake, what on earth will the Irish squire say? I was half inclined, on second thoughts, to marry Fanny Fitzgerald; and then it struck me, if such a course was not right before I had seen Mr. Leslie, I shall kick you out. Be off, sir, I say, or I shall soon forget myself, and swear. Be off, or James shall kick you out!" He rang the bell for the footman. "James, kick the rascal out!" James hesitated.

"Allow me to explain, sir," said I.

"You rascal, you have tried to explain; you dog, you traducer of my poor daughter's innocence." What on earth he meant exactly, I do not know, nor probably did he in his rage. "You come here, you steal my child's affections; I would horsewhip you, if it was not for my cloth. You dared not have thus outraged my feelings if I had not been a clergyman." Be off with you, or James shall kick you out. Be off, sir, I say, or I shall soon forget myself, and swear. Be off, or James shall kick you out!" He rang the bell for the footman. "James, kick the rascal out!" James hesitated.

"Allow me to explain, sir," said I.

"James, kick him, kick him to the front-door, and down the drive."

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## A NORTHEASTER.

BY C. L. G.

The sky grows gray—then all the vanes, late  
greased,  
Point east!  
The smoke from chimneys tall o'er roofs is  
blown  
Right down  
In garret windows, yards and kitchen flats;  
While bats  
Of hasty gentlemen high up are tooted—  
Oft lost.  
Then all the maddish scissors close with slop,  
Drip, drop,  
And patter, spatter comes the chilly fluid,  
Cloud-brewed;  
And with a noise like many drays that crash,  
The splash  
Descends, and filters thru' the slimy street  
Not neat.  
Like row of organ pipes the spouts of tin  
Begin  
Allegro movements, tinkling music sweet,  
And beat  
With rhythm, spittin', splittin' music  
out  
Each spout.  
A crowd of mortals, umbrella-less,  
Now press  
'Neath awnings; growl and stare in the sky  
up—  
"Dry up!"  
The pavement bricks trod by the passers-by  
Let fly  
A muddy missile. Then the victims groan  
Or howl  
Or groan while looking at their spattered  
clothes.  
"Oh, Jose!"  
Or, "I'll be dog-consumed and gashed!" or  
curse  
Much worse.  
While slinking thro' the mist the people say,  
"Wet day!"  
And stamp their sodden boots, and cough  
and whooze  
And sneeze  
And snifflie, burnishing their noses dry,  
And try  
To look like happy men, despite their trim,  
And swing  
Through puddles, little lakes and ponds, and  
wade  
Damaged  
Through roaring rivulets of inky flood  
And mud!  
Then gaslight glimmers, and black night  
assumes  
Damp plumes,  
And seats herself upon her sloopy throne  
Alone;  
While dismal day, in rainy surges bound,  
Is drowned!

## The Hop-Scotch Club.

BY JOHN QUILL.

"But Mr. Wilkins, just listen—"

"I say that you shan't join any such organization as long as you are a wife of mine. It's perfectly ridiculous for a lot of women like you and old Mrs. Smith to go round and try to get up a Hop-Scotch Club."

"Who ever heard of a female playing such a game as that? It ain't decent, I tell you. It's a good enough game for a one-legged man, and if you choose to have a leg sawed off you can dance round as much as you've a mind to, but you shan't do it till you are a cripple, if you shall, I'm a Dutchman."

"Wilkins, I'll break—"

"Standing on one of those, kicking around after a clam-shell, and putting that thing you call your toe on the line and getting out, and having to go back to pitch for your place. Who's going to pay for the odd boots you scuff out, I'd like to know? I want you to understand I ain't. I am not going to go round every week buying shoes to cover those feet, and creating a panic in the leather market. Not if I know myself I ain't."

"If you would only let me explain, Mr. Wilkins—"

"You can't hop anyhow. You couldn't stand on one leg to save your life, and even if you could do it, do you suppose I would want my wife to go waltzing round through this hemisphere like a turkey with a sore toe? Hop? Why, you can hop no more than a camelopard can turn a back somersault; no, you can't. You might just as well attempt to split a log of wood with a slice of watermelon, as for you to endeavor to hop. If you're so mighty fond of hopping, I'll get a hopper and have you mashed up to atoms. I wish to gracious it could be done."

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"Ain't you ashamed to talk in that—"

"The next thing I expect you will want to be sauntering round in this land of the free and the brave, playing match games, and having your name published in the newspapers as the great Hop-Scotch-woman, and bring disgrace on your family. But it shan't be done with my consent. If you go flipping around at any of these games, I can find to grab you as a maniac, and put you in a straight-jacket, if I can buy one big enough to fit you."

"Mr. Wilkins, you behave like a perfect—"

"And you are just the very kind of a woman to go to work and try to be at the head of the profession, and lay yourself out to win the champion's belt, and to go around challenging other feeble-minded women, and spreading yourself on matches. Why, it's ridiculous. I'd like to know what you would do with the belt if you got it, anyhow? No belt, you know, is going to reach around that waist."

"Why, Mr. Wilkins, what on earth do you mean?" I'll—"

"You might as well try to buckle a skate strap around a church steeple; yes you might. You going to try for the champion's belt! Well, that is amusing. And then I suppose, if you win the stakes you'll come home here and spend all the money on spring bonnets, and teach your neglected children vanity and pride. But I—"

"Wilkins, you're silly."

"But I just want you to bear in mind that

## Romance of Heraldry.

BY THE EDITOR OF "DEBRETT'S HOUSE OF COMMONS," ETC.

put up cash for you I won't do. I won't deal out any stamps for stakes. In my opinion you had better be at home cooking steaks for your family. When you die I'll drive a stake into your cold and silent grave to hold you down. That's—"

"You shan't talk in that scandalous way—"

"That's all the stake you will get out of me, unless you carry on your tomfoolery so long that I should be obliged to drive a stake in the back yard, and tie you to it by your hopping leg, like some old hen, to keep you from wandering off. And that is just what it's coming to in my opinion."

"You know very well that I never thought of such a—"

"And I don't want you to go practising out here in the street with the boys in the afternoons, either—just recollect that, will you? If you must Hop-Scotch, go down in the cellar, out of decent society, and you can Hop-Scotch, or Irish, or High Dutch, or any other way you want to, but keep out of the street; I don't want this community to see an old pallet like you—"

"Wilkins, I'll scratch—"

"Like you bouncing over the pavement among a parcel of boys, creating a first-class earthquake every time you hop, and very likely getting the city authorities down on me for loosening the bricks and breaking the culverts in; and you'd a good deal better stamp around somewhere where they want the cobble-stones rammed, only you'd very likely drive them half-way through to China every time you came down on those number-nines."

"If you'd only give me a chance, Mr. Wilkins, I'd—"

"I don't want to give you a chance, or you would hop off with all the decency in the family—"

"I tell you that I never had any idea of joining a Hop—"

"What?"

"Scotch Club; I never thought of such a thing in all my born days."

"The mischief you didn't? Then what do you mean by having the Constitution and By-Laws for the George Washington Hop-Scotch Club in your bureau drawer, say?"

"Breckinridge Augustus put them there."

"Well, why in the name of common sense did you not say so before, and not give me the trouble and annoyance I've had?"

"Because you would not let me speak."

"My gracious! woman, your tongue has been going like a pendulum; I hadn't had a chance to get a word in edgeways, or any other ways, for a week."

"What an awful story! I haven't uttered a sentence."

"W-h-e-w! There, woman, after telling that you had better get out and say your prayers over again. That's the toughest one you've told within the last hour. And now stop your clatter, I'm tired of hearing you."

And Wilkins closed up. But when I gazed upon the ponderous form of Mrs. Wilkins the next morning, I thought she would not have been an ornamental object if she engaged in the game of Hop-Scotch.

## GERMAN LADIES.

I have noticed in German families, family government is very strict; compared with the theory and practice in America on this subject, I may say extremely rigid. The rules and regulations are few, but they are enforced on all occasions, and under all circumstances. Unquestioning submission to paternal authority lies at the foundation of this government. Children are taught to entertain the highest respect for superiors and for age. It is beautiful to see the respectful manner with which they deport themselves in the presence of their superiors and older persons. They are also invariably polite to strangers.

A few weeks ago a friend and myself made an excursion on foot into the country, and were surprised at the genuine politeness of the poor peasants and their children; every peasant and child we met saluted us in the kindest manner possible, and readily and pleasantly answered all our questions. Children are early taught to be industrious and self-reliant. They are not allowed to call servants to do for them things which they can easily do for themselves. Every boy is trained for some business or profession, and the girls are trained to make good housekeepers and good wives. In the best families, servants very seldom wait on the table—not even when guests are invited.

I took tea, not long since, at the house of a baroness, with a large party, and not a servant was to be seen. The baroness made tea after we were seated at the table with a convenient and elegant apparatus prepared for the purpose, and two beautiful young ladies, a niece of the baroness and a friend, passed around the table and served the guests.

On a certain occasion, I called on a wealthy family, and was received by the lady of the house, who told me that her two daughters were in the kitchen cooking. They were to be married soon, and a professional cook had been employed to come three times a week, and give them lessons in the art of cooking, and to initiate them fully into all its mysteries. In five minutes one of these young ladies came into the parlor to see me, neatly dressed, and conversed with me in beautiful English.

A thorough acquaintance with domestic economy is considered an indispensable qualification in a young lady for the married life. In addition to all this, mothers teach their daughters that one of the chief duties after marriage, is to strive to keep their husbands comfortable and happy. When a German husband comes to his house, at the close of the day of toil and anxiety, his wife receives him with a smile, arranges his chair, brings him his study gown and slippers, places before him refreshments, gives him a cigar, and while he eats and smokes, converses with him in the most entertaining manner about the events of the day. What will your lady friends say about this picture of domestic life in Germany?—Rec. R. N. Sanders.

"Does the dentist kiss you when he pulls your teeth, pa?" "No, my son; why?" "Oh, nothing; only he kissed me, and she said it took the ache all away; and I guess it did, for she laughed all the way home."

## Romance of Heraldry.

BY THE EDITOR OF "DEBRETT'S HOUSE OF COMMONS," ETC.

that her words might be retained as her pre-

server's motto. A somewhat different interpretation is, however, preserved in the Leslie family, in a book printed "for private use" by Colonel Charles Leslie, K. H., who styled himself "twenty-sixth baron of Balquhair." In this volume it is stated that the founder of the family was Bartholomew, a noble Hungarian, who came to Scotland with Queen Margarete, A. D. 1067. He was much esteemed by King Malcolm Canmore, whose sister he married. In his capacity of chamberlain to Queen Margarete it was his duty to accompany her Majesty in her journeys, and, as there were no carriages in those days, she rode behind him, upon horseback, upon a pillion. On one occasion, while fording a stream, the Queen slipped and nearly fell off, whereupon Bartholomew cried out, "Grip fast," and to which her Majesty replied, "Give the buckle, hide," these being only one buckle to the belt by which she held on. After this his exclamation was given as the family motto, and two more buckles were added to the belt of the pillion, and also to the charge upon Bartholomew's arms, which had heretofore consisted of only one buckle on a band.

After the death of King Robert the Bruce, in 1329, a distinguished member of the Leslie family, Sir Simon Locard, of Lee, accompanied Sir James de Douglas to the Holy Land on a special mission to inter there the heart of the deceased monarch. After their return, Sir James de Douglas assumed as his arms a human heart, ensigned with an imperial crown—a charge that is still borne by the families of the Dukes of Hamilton and Buccleuch, etc. Sir Simon Locard also assumed as his arms a human heart within a fetter-lock, and changed his name to Lockhart, in which manner his descendants spelled it until within a comparatively few years ago, when the orthography was changed to Lockhart.

## THE HIDDEN ROSES.

E'en now, within the frozen stems,  
June's roses lie concealed,  
Till throstles sing, and larks soar up,  
And summer be revealed.

E'en now, in their enchanted sleep  
Beneath the frozen clod,  
The little baby-blossoms wait  
The summons of their God.

The snow-time and the winter-storm  
Will vanish like a cloud;  
Soon Spring will cast her swallows forth,  
And May-trees blossom proud.  
Rainbows will arch the sunny air,  
Lambs leap in every fold,  
And through the dark warm earth pierce  
The crocus flushed with gold.

Winter, the disrowned king, will cast  
The white mask from his face;  
And Spring, his rosy child, with smiles  
Will see the swallows chase.

From Night's black grave, like Lazarus,  
The striving day comes forth,  
The winter-storm sows seeds of joy,  
East, west, and south and north.

Spring comes with sound of whispering  
leaves,  
And songs of waking birds:  
The joy of May-time is too great  
To shape itself in words.  
Soon buds will widen into flowers,  
And Summer be revealed;  
E'en now, within the frozen stems,  
June's roses lie concealed.

## The Variety of Life.

It is really worth a little trouble, before we enfranchise woman, to try to imagine the results of her enfranchisement, the Future of Woman. In the first place, it would amazingly reduce the variety of the world. As it is, we live in a double world, and enjoy the advantages of a couple of hemispheres. It is an immense luxury for men, when they are tired out with the worry and seriousness of life, to be able to walk into a totally different atmosphere, where nothing is looked at, or thought about, or spoken of in exactly the same way as in their own. When Mr. Gladstone, for instance, unbends (if he ever does unbend,) and weary of the Irish question, asks his pretty neighbor what she thinks of it, he gets into a new world at once. Her vague idea of the Irish question, founded on a passing acquaintance with "Moore's Melodies" and a wild regret after Donnybrook fair, may not be exactly adequate to the magnitude of the interests involved, but it is at any rate novel and amusing. It is not a House of Commons view of the subject; but then the great statesmen is only too glad to be rid of the House of Commons. Thoughtful politicians may deplore that the sentimental beauty of Charles I. and the pencil of Vandyke have made every English girl a Malignant; but after one has got bored with Rushworth and Clarendon, there is a certain pleasure at finding a great constitutional question summarily settled by the height of a sovereign's brow. It is a relief, too, now and then, to get out of the world of morals into the world of women; out of the hard sphere of right and wrong into a world like Mr. Swinburne's, where judgment goes by the beautiful, and where red hair makes all the difference between Elizabeth and Mary of Scotland. Above all, there is the delightful consciousness of superiority. The happiness of the blessed in the next world consists, according to Sir John Mandeville, in their being able to behold the agonies of the lost; and half the satisfaction men have in their own sense and vigor and success would be lost, if they could not enjoy the delicious views of a world where sense and energy go for nothing. Whether all this would be worth sacrificing simply to acquire a woman who could sympathize with, and support a man, in the stress and battle of life, is a question we do not pretend to decide; but it is certain that the enfranchisement of women would be the passing of a social act of uniformity, and the loss of half the grace and variety of life. Here, as elsewhere, "the low sun makes the color," and the very excellency of Miss Hominy, the illustrious reformer, carries her aloft into regions of white light, where our eyes, even if dazzled, get a little tired of the monotony of the intellectual blaze.

"LAZINESS.—A new definition of constitutional laziness comes from Ohio. Standing on the steps of one of the "single-team" taverns of that state was an unwashed Buckeye, whose shabby exterior did not indicate an industrious man. A gentleman on the opposite side of the street remarked to his companion, "There is old Tim, again; wonder how he got out this cold day! He is the laziest man in town by all odds." "Lazy!" replied his friend, "he isn't lazy; what's the matter with him is he was born tired!"

"Little Daisy's mother was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh, yes, I know," said the child, "it is the whisper of a laugh."

## The Need of More Sleep.

We heard a speaker aver lately, that if all the people of this country were to sleep two hours more than they do out of every twenty-four hours, the gain in health and morals would be immense. He was not far out of the way, in our judgment, as respects thousands upon thousands. Doubtless there are multitudes who visit the "Isle of Nod" much oftener and stay much longer than is good for them, because they go at the wrong time and overdo the thing. There may be a glutony of somnolence as well as gluttony of edibles; too excessive a love of soporifics, as well as too great an appetite for strong drink. With these exceptional classes of the lazy and self-indulgent, who have neither method nor principle in their living, we have no concern here. We address the active, the industrious, those who on the whole desire to do about right. These, generally speaking, want more hours of rest than they are accustomed to take. We boast that we are a wide-awake people. So far as that relates to the quantity of our wide-awakeness, it is a serious question whether we do not pride ourselves upon a serious blunder.

Our late hours and our early hours; our night work and our night pleasure; our travelling or revelling when we had far better be on "downy couch" or hair mattresses, recumbent, are far from salutary to bodies, or brains, or character. We do not require the physiologists or the doctors to point out to us the large provision made for sleep and the laws that impose and govern sleep on all animated nature, and to tell us we cannot refuse to accept this provision or neglect these laws with impunity. The prevalence of certain diseases, the excitability, nervousness, the irritability, in a word, hundreds of signs and symptoms indicate the fact to the most superficial observer that we are living too fast; putting our system too constantly on the stretch, failing to recuperate and renovate them as they by their very nature require.

This is especially to be seen in cities and in the conduct of business and its multifarious enterprises. Everything must be done on the high pressure principle, otherwise, the prevalent notion seems to be, nothing will ever be accomplished. There are crowds of folks who, to get gain, indulge their ruling passion, carry out their projects, are incessantly "on the go," with all their faculties at the top of their speed, toiling, thinking, planning, scheming all day and far into night, and shunning repose as if it were unpardonable sin. They pride themselves, too, on this ceaseless and wonderful activity, this practical contempt for rest or relaxation, as something very virtuous and commendable. We hear men talking of staying in their counting rooms until midnight; of doing nothing but stick day in and day out to their business; of reading nothing but newspapers, and only the commercial of those; of rushing from Dan to Beersheba without stopping, as fast as steam cars can carry them; of doing any amount of work and doing it on the jump, as though they were eternally running against time. When we hear men talk thus, implying that all this haste and restlessness is a matter of their own will, and not a stern, inexorable and inevitable necessity—but a necessity which their own eagerness for accumulation or their own ambition has made, we fail to see what there is so very commendable in their conduct, or why they should speak of such indefatigable weariness and tearing smartness, as something praiseworthy. Our belief is that it is evidence rather, in any of us who are addicted to it, of want of good sense and self-control, or of neglect or ignorance of the plainest conditions that must be observed to secure health and anything approaching to length of days.

It is in sleep, in regular rest, in quiet and composure of body and mind, that compensation for the exhaustion of toil, the renewals of the mental and physical forces are to be found. For this reason, as we have before intimated, provision is made for needful repose—profound, dreamless repose—to repair the waste of the waking and active hours; and for this reason human beings should be careful to allow themselves the full maximum of slumber, leisure, stillness and invigorating recreation they require. What are the consequences of their failure to do this? Alas! they are visible all around us, even if we are fortunate enough not to know of them by bitter experience. They are seen in the increase of insanity, in the commonness of softening of the brain, in the prevalence of dyspepsia, in shattered nerves, in broken frames, premature old age and untimely graves; they are evident in the demand for stimulants and narcotics, and in the various devices resorted to to patch up and keep running the physical system; nay, they are only too marked in still worse forms, in morbid feelings, in visitated appetites, in fiery passions, in uncontrolled tempers, in all those mental and moral aberrations, so haggard and unnatural, telling of rash violence done to the human constitution; a violence that is suicidal almost as would be the deliberate drinking of prussic acid. We speak strongly—possibly a little too

## A LIFE'S LOSS.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Do you remember the summer day  
You found me down by the ruined mill?  
The skies were blue, and the waters bright,  
And shadows glanced on the windy hill,  
And the stream moaned on.

You sat by my side on the moss-grown log,  
Where one whom I loved last night had  
stood—

I heard his voice, like an undertone,  
While you talked to me in that solitude,  
And the stream moaned on.

You did not tell me your heart was mine—  
You only said that my face was fair,  
That silks and satins should robe my form,  
And jewels should flash among my hair,  
And the stream moaned on.

You did not ask me to give you love—  
You did not touch my lips or my brow—  
Contented you were with my plighted truth—  
And never a kiss to seal the vow,  
And the stream moaned on.

You went away with your lofty port,  
And smiled as you uttered your light  
good-by,  
But the wind stole down from the frowning  
hill,  
And stood at my side with a gasping sigh,  
And the stream moaned on.

You remember the pomp of our bridal morn—  
The jewels that mocked the bright sun-shine—  
The rustling silks—the ringing mirth—  
The flush of roses—the flow of wine—  
While the crowd looked on.

I saw a sight that they did not see—  
A guest they knew not of was there—  
Heart of my heart, he came to mock  
My bridal vows with his pale despair,  
And my soul moaned on.

You got that day what you bargained for—  
My hair to braid your jewels in,  
My form to deck with your silken robes,  
My face to show to your haughty kin,  
But my soul moaned on.

Talk not of love—you come too late—  
You cannot dispel my heart's eclipse—  
Where your image should be a corpse lies  
shriined,

And no voice comes from the death-cold  
lips,  
Though my soul moans on.

Some summer day I shall wander down  
Where the waters flow by the ruined  
mill—  
Where the shadows come, and the shadows  
go,  
There at the foot of the windy hill,  
And the stream moans on.

You will find me there, 'neath the whispering wave,  
Colder and stiller than ever before—  
The dreams I dreamed and the hopes I  
hoped  
Will be hushed to silence forevermore—  
Though the stream moans on.

## AUNT FELICITE.

## A NORMAN STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLOTTE BURNEY," &amp;c.

Market was nearly over in the Place St. Blaise. A few hardy old veterans still kept their position, but by far the greater number of sellers had stowed away their unsold merchandise, shut up their camp-stools, and furled their gay-colored umbrellas. Many had already seated themselves in the lumbering, picturesque carts which had brought them in from some neighboring village—the place their stalls had occupied to be known by a heap of pea-shucks and bean-shells, and other vegetable refuse blistering under the intense August sunshine.

The scene round the beautiful old church of St. Blaise was as great a contrast to that which had presented itself earlier in the morning as that which the dressing-room of a beauty after a ball, strewn with discarded finery, offers to the perfection of grace and beauty the very same adornments realized on her person. So thought a fair, handsome Englishman who had been turning the heads of all the pretty market-girls by sketching them, driving the ugly ones half mad with envy.

If any fellow-artist had looked over Arthur Seton's shoulder, he must have wondered why he had spent all the morning in and about the old market-place. He could not be studying effect: everything was in too broad a glare of sunshine. There were the quaint sculptured dormers of the Bourse, and the projecting high-peaked gables of the many-storyed houses which faced him as he leaned against the crumbling wall of the gray church; but had the said fellow-artist turned a few pages back, he would have found rough notes in plenty.

He might have been studying color from the picturesque skirts and jackets and bright-colored head and neckerchiefs of the women, or from their umbrellas, ranging from rosy scarlet to brilliant green, or, more likely still, from the slanting masses of golden apricots, blushing peaches, plums, and many-hued pears—the melon, sold for "vingt centimes in piece," tempting alike scent, taste, and sight by the rich color the gash in its side revealed.

But it was not for this, or he would not have lingered now that all the fruit had disappeared; leaving behind it a faint odor which, mingling with the decaying refuse, made the market-place unsavory.

After a while, Mr. Seton seemed to find this out, for he left the position he had kept so long near the fruit-stalls, and crossing to the Bourse side of the Place, leant down over the flowers, drawn up in serried rows on the pavement.

"Will monsieur buy a bouquet pour sa dame?"

An old woman with a brown wrinkled face, which looked as if some one had given it a screw in the middle, held him out a nosegay

of cloves, jasmines, and mignonette. He could not help buying it.

"But it is for me," he said, laughing. "I have no belle dame to buy bouquets for."

"Ah, ça," she shrugged her shoulders—"un beau monsieur like you can never be in want of some one to give flowers to." She stopped, and crossed herself devoutly; then, with a half-doubting look, "There is always the Holy Virgin. Are you a heretic, eh?" she said, sharply. "It is a pity; you are too well-made to be prey for the devil."

Seton pulled out his whiskers, and laughed. He was very handsome, and possessed an air of quiet distinction. His very indolence of manner gave a repose to his movements. He never did anything hurried or awkward, but he gave a slight start now as a young girl came up to the flower-stalls. She started also; a file of women passing to their carts with baskets on their heads had kept these two from the sight of each other.

Seton raised his hat, and then the girl bowed timidly. She was interesting-looking: a pale, transparent skin, with great dark eyes, full of expression; the blush that she as is recognized Arthur made her lovely. Her long dark lashes almost touched her glowing cheeks at the flower-woman's next words, "Ah, ça, mon beau monsieur! do you know Mademoiselle Genevieve? Ah ciel! how men tell stories! I say a minute ago that you knew no belle dame to offer flowers to. Ma chérie, I began to think thou wert not coming to see the old bosse. Thou wouldest have come, my child; but how could I know that the aunt would allow it, as I had seen thee at home this morning?"

Seton had drawn a little back at the old woman put her brown hands on the girl's shoulders, and kissed her forehead. Genevieve seemed to recover when she found herself talking to her old servant.

"Bah!—and suppose I did not ask the aunt? It is only when she is away from home that I may not go out and market for her. I go on other days, and why not on this?" Elodie, you grow silly."

"C'est bien, mon enfant." Elodie gave her a look of intense admiration, and then she turned again to Seton. "How long have you known Mademoiselle, mon beau monsieur? She belongs to me, you know. She is mon enfant de lait. Is she not a child to be proud of?"

Genevieve blushed, but she looked angry. Seton thought she was turning away, and he spoke, raising his hat, almost with reverence:

"I have not the honor of knowing your mistress," he said to Elodie. "Mademoiselle and I are neighbors, and have only seen each other by chance." He paused; Genevieve had raised her eyes; she looked timid again, but no longer angry. He went on, "If she will permit me, I shall be proud to offer her your sweet flowers."

She was thinking of Genevieve, her orphan niece—"I suppose all I shall ever have to care for when my mother is taken from me."

A very bitter, almost resentful look came into Felicite's face.

"If she were taller—if she had more pose in her figure, and more expression in her eyes, she would be, I fancy, very nice-looking;" it seemed as if another word had been off to advantage by the dark-green jasmines against the house—it's starry blossoms almost over, but enough left to scent the evening air, as Mademoiselle Felicite sat thinking below.

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"Don't tell the aunt anybody gave them to thee; they grew in Elodie's garden, that is all. Mon beau, monsieur," she went on, warned by a frown on Genevieve's gentle face, "you must take yourself off: I am not to be proud of!"

Seton looked at Genevieve, but she gave him no encouragement to remain. He pocketed his sketch-book as leisurely as possible, and with a bow, first to the mistress and then to the old servant, he lounged up the hilly street that leads to the ruined Norman bastions of what was once the castle of St. Roque.

It was very hot, and he was tired, but he did not stop till he reached the closely cropped grass on the ramparts. Then he flung himself down, startling a flock of tortoise-shell butterflies only just hatched, who had been settling on the clover-blossoms on which he now rested.

Seton looked lazily after the insects, as they flew here and there, attracted first by one blossom, then by another; an incessant flutter of brown, and blue, and gold.

"Upon my soul, I am not much better than a butterfly. I came to this place for two days at the outside, and I've been here. Why don't I go? Ah! there it is. If I go now, I'm afraid I shall leave something belonging to me which I can't very well spare. Confound it! why am I such a soft-hearted fool? Can't I listen to a sweet voice and look at a sweet face, but I must straight-way want it for my own? Yes, that is what I do want. Genevieve—I never knew her name before—it suits her exactly. I want to have those eyes of hers looking into mine, and to hear that voice of hers telling me she loves me, and that she never could love anybody else. What a voice it is!"

In England, Mr. Seton was a welcome guest in what is called "society;" he had kept heart-whole there; but now he had fallen a victim to this disease of love, because his ears had listened to the singing of the loveliest voice he had ever heard, and twice each day he had seen the singer's charming face for a few minutes at the window opposite his room at the Hotel de Paris. He knew nothing else about her. He had found out the house at the back window of which he had seen her, but there was nothing to be learnt there. He had knocked, and asked who lived in the particular house that interested him, but the door was opened by a child, who seemed unable to understand his rather British French. "Maman est sortie," was all the answer he could extract; and at the shop, they shrugged their shoulders, and knew nothing about people who lived in the Rue Puits d'Amour.

It was a terrible fact—and Seton knew it; he had fallen headlong into a passion for a girl of whom he knew nothing. Her face, her whole conduct, vouched for her purity; until to-day he had not even spoken to her, for she left her window almost as soon as he appeared at his; and he had not succeeded till this morning in meeting her in the street, spite of the incessant watch he kept on her movements.

Suddenly a new idea quickened within him—he would go back to the market-place and find old Elodie; he should learn from her all he wanted to know. He sprang up, and hastened down the slippery grass-slope with a speed that made him inclined to smile at himself.

The market-place was empty; a few ragged children were prowling among the refuse; a few dropped flowers marked where Elodie's flower-pots had stood, but she and her donkey-cart had departed.

Mademoiselle Felicite Trudin was still a very handsome woman—though at thirty-five a Frenchwoman is older than is an Englishwoman at the same epoch, especially when she is of Felicite's type. Large, deep brown eyes, regular features, a clear olive skin, and abundant braids of glossy hair, made a picture-face, to which the depth of passionate expression gave brilliant effects of light and shade.

The shade predominated as she sat by her bedroom window, resting her cheek on the slender fingers of one hand, while the other played with the braid chain suspended from her neck.

The annoyance that shadowed her came from within; outwardly there was only what she looked on every day—a bricked courtyard below, half built over by the one-story rooms of her lodgers, a tailor and his family. The leaded roof of their apartment Mademoiselle used as a flower-garden; and across it she could have walked, had she chosen, into the first-floor back windows of the Hotel de Paris.

Her look-out was not half so picturesque and varied as that of the English tourist, and French families bound for "les eaux," who chanced to sojourn in this pleasant little hotel, in one of the most charming and cleanest of Norman towns.

She saw nothing but tiers of windows opening one above another, with their muslin draperies and clumsy fastenings—monotonous compared with the variety opposite.

To begin with the court-yard, Monsieur and Madame Leroux might be seen in early morning in various stages of their toilette, and on two days of the week stockings and garments, many-colored and multiform, hung from strings stretched, zig-zag fashion, from the sides of the leads to the wall opposite.

The leads themselves were rich in color.

Mademoiselle Felicite loved flowers, and knew how to grow them, too. Her oleanders and scarlet geraniums did her credit, and her myrtles and fuchsias, those strange contrasts of blossoms, would have raised the envy of an English gardener.

The interior of her chamber was dingy-looking enough from the hotel (for Mademoiselle Felicite was fond of air, and kept her windows open till she went to bed). A white crucifix showed in one corner, and over that, on a bracket, a gorgeously-clad, crowned Madonna; but all else was too sombre in tint to be easily made out. The upper story must have been rented by a landlady; long poles projected from the windows with blouses and scarlet jerseys, and striped stockings, and other gay garments set off to advantage by the dark-green jasmines against the house—it's starry blossoms almost over, but enough left to scent the evening air, as Mademoiselle Felicite sat thinking below.

She was thinking of Genevieve, her orphan niece—"I suppose all I shall ever have to care for when my mother is taken from me."

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alarm, she had nearly said Genevieve had come over of her own accord; but motherly feeling checked the words. All at once, her bowed look departed, the smile returned to her rosy old face, and she snapped her fingers in triumph.

"I have it, Felicite! I was thinking but now that Marie, in her sobs, would make a clumsy waitress for such a grand milled anglais. The little one shall wait on us herself, and she can eat at the little table."

Felicite looked gloomy. Then, remonstrating that she must appear at her best, she hurried up the uneven staircase into the bare, comfortless room she occupied at Dives. The walls were white-washed; a bed, a small basin, and a looking-glass, made up the furniture, unless a crucifix beside the bed be reckoned among it. Anxious as she was to get down-stairs, Felicite yet stayed to roll up her new bonnet strings and gloves with the practised neatness of a Frenchwoman, then, with just a glance to make sure that her hair and her collar were unruffled, she loosened her lips into a smile, and descended.

Genevieve was not in the tiny room, but three plates of soup were steaming on the snowy cloth, the middle of the table being filled by a loaf or roll certainly three feet long.

Madame had just placed her guests, and swathed her capacious chin and bosom in an enormous serviette, when Genevieve came in, bearing a plate of mussels, decorated with sprigs of parsley. She blushed as Seton rose and bowed to her; but he did this with such ceremonious politeness, that Felicite felt tranquillized, especially when she saw him resume his seat, in obedience to her mother's injunctions.

"Trouble not yourself, sir, for the little one—it is she who will serve us, is it not, ma bonne?" The old lady pinched the girl's blushing cheek, and held her the empty soup-plate.

For a moment Seton was vexed; but then it was only means to an end—breakfast would soon be over—he had got the privilege of meeting Genevieve beneath her grandmother's roof; and if he did not have her all to himself before long, he should deserve any ill-luck that might befall him. As he thought thus, he became conscious, without looking up, that Felicite's eyes were intently fixed on him. He glanced quickly at her. What a world of passion there was in the gaze that met his for one instant, and then sank beneath it.

It struck him with a chilly fear that Aunt Felicite had mistaken his manner towards her. Then, with his usual carelessness, he argued:

"Well, and what then?—the only way is to keep her pacified by a little harmless attention, until I am sure of my footing with the old lady; after that, the aunt may go back to St. Roque as fast as she pleases, so long as Genevieve stays at Dives—and I will take care of that."

He could not help stealing a glance, every now and then, at the graceful girl, as she moved about noiselessly, changing the plates as deftly as if waiting had been her true vocation. The bright sunshine streamed in through the open casements, bordered and overhung with vine-leaves, and the scent of the sweet August flowers came in with the wafts that circled and buzzed round the table. Seton thought it was like a scene in a book; he gave himself up thoroughly to enjoyment, and even Felicite joined in the merriment of the little party.

The soup-plates were gone now, and instead appeared a cold chicken and the salad. Madame was seriously measuring and pouring in the regulated quantities of oil and vinegar, varying her employment by occasional chops at the wasps, when they came too close.

"It is waps—you call this animal in English, Monsieur?"

Seton tried to teach her the true pronunciation, but she shook her head and laughed.

"Ah! ma foi, non! Your accent of your language is too much of trouble. One of your countrymen try to teach me long times ago how it is you call poulet. I will show you I can speak English, but it is necessary always to sneeze. Monsieur, may I have the honor to carve for you a little of?"—(here she made a prodigious attempt to sneeze)—"tschicken? There!" she added, triumphantly, "is it not with justice that I call it a villain language—a language where you must go through the trouble of sneezing if you will ask even for a bit of—tschicken?"

Seton laughed heartily, and, as crowning proof of favor, the old lady touched glasses with him. There was no wine, but the cider was potent, and she rattled on in one incessant flow of talk.

A dish of peaches from the garden, and some macaroons, ended the little feast. Genevieve had eaten, by her grandmother's orders, at the buffet. Seton could not see her face, but he remarked her perfect silence. Was she angry; could she think he was paying too much court to her aunt?—well, he would soon undeceive her. He had never seen anything so lovely as her apparition in the door-way, her little straw hat just shading her face, and the plate of mussels in her hand. He had decided on his line of conduct. Felicite would leave the room presently, and he should persuade the grandmother to let Genevieve sit to him for one of his contemplated pictures. He would not have gone on chattering so gayly to the aunt, if he had seen her niece's face. Poor little Genevieve! she could not eat any breakfast, there was a great lump in her throat which threatened to choke her if she tried to swallow. She had been so glad, so wild with happiness, to see him there seated beside her grandmother—she had been ready to wait on him, to do anything for his comfort or enjoyment; but why did he not speak to her?—why had he so much pleasant talk, and such a devoted manner towards her aunt, and not one word for her?

"I want to speak with you a few minutes, Genevieve," said the low, musical voice of Felicite at her elbow. "Come to my room with me." The girl felt a new, strange rebellion in her till now docile heart. She was not at St. Roque. Why should her aunt take so much upon herself in the grandmother's house? She followed slowly; and just as she went out of the door, she looked behind her. Arthur was waiting to meet her eyes; he knew that they must seek his before she left him, and his glance of fond, warm admiration sent

her after her aunt with quicker steps and a lighter heart. "He is no hypocrite, then," she said to herself; "he likes me; I am sure he likes me, and he will talk to me by-and-by."

"Genevieve!"—Mademoiselle shut her bedroom door, and as it did not boast of any handle, leaned against it to keep it close—"why are you here to-day without leave from me or your grandmother?"

"I wanted to see grandma, and I came." Felicite wondered at the erect head, and glowing cheeks and eyes. So mutinous a mood must be controlled. She looked severe.

"You know you should not make me such an answer. I am your natural guardian now that my mother is old. You are selfish, Genevieve; she does not want you here to-day, although she should be no inhospitable, as to tell you so; her house is small, and one need be any the wiser when she goes."

"When grandmamma tells me to go, I will believe she does not want me," said Genevieve, and then she burst into tears of downright childish misery that Aunt Felicite should have taken up such a new whim as that of interfering between her and her beloved bonne maman.

"Leave off crying, silly child, and go home to Eloïde quietly. I do not say it is from want of love that my mother desires thy absence, but simply because we are too many for her to-day."

Genevieve's eyes dried as if by magic.

"I cannot go back to Norenne till I have said good-bye to her."

Felicite was not a captious, ill-tempered woman: in some ways she was much enduring; even now she wished no harm to Genevieve.

"Stay here, and I will send my mother to you, and then I expect you to go."

Felicite was perplexed. She did not want to leave Genevieve for one instant till she had seen her safely on her way to Norenne; and yet, in the girl's new mood, which her aunt set down at once to the most inastable vanity, she feared to bring matters to a doubtful issue by insisting on her departure without any leave-taking. While she went seeking Madame Trudin, Genevieve might purposely throw herself in the way of Seton. A girl did not fall into so strange a mood without cause. She had been spoiled by the grand-mere and by Eloïde, and fancied herself entitled to admiration. Felicite's own heart told her that no one could see Seton without being fascinated by him: the kindest thing she could do was to send her niece away at once.

"Stay here till I come back again with my mother."

She pulled the door as closely as possible; and when she reached the staircase, stopped to listen. All was quiet: Genevieve did not, then, intend to follow her. The sigh of relief that escaped, showed how tens had been her previous fear.

She looked into the room; it was empty; but she heard her mother's voice—talking surely to Seton. Ah! that was what she wanted; while the old lady sent Genevieve away, she could so engross his attention that he would never miss the poor little girl, to whom his kindness might prove so hurtful.

If you had told Mademoiselle that on the adroit handling of this matter depended her own weal or woe, she would have smiled at you with that lofty air of hers, which so completely governed her mother and every one else.

But all this while Madame Trudin is talking through the kitchen window to Seton, who treads down the mignonette borders before it, that he may put in his head and admire the huge shining brass coffee-pot she shows him. He is getting out his sketch-book, vowing he will have its likeness, thereby eliciting peals of laughter from the maid, and for Marie stands just behind the old lady, with hands on her hips, playing chords when needed.

There is a familiarity in this scene which offends Mademoiselle. She walks up to her mother—she has a question to ask, she says; but she takes care to smile, for Seton looks at her as she comes in. He has turned away now that she bends down to speak to the old lady; but Felicite is not troubled, she has left his sketch-book on the window-sill, and she shall join him in the garden directly.

He wanders round the house, looking in at all the windows to find Genevieve. She is alone, perhaps; he backs, and gazes at the upper story. Yes, there she is, looking out over the distant country, with a sad, heart-wring expression on her lovely face.

"Come out here into the passage," said Felicite to Madame Trudin. "I do not like Monsieur Seton to see thee in the kitchen. English women do not attend to the details of their menage as we do; he may consider thy presence there ill-bred." Then, as briefly as possible, she told her mother to dismiss Genevieve.

"But, Felicite, what harm does the child do?"

"My mother, have I ever led the astray by my advice? If thou dost not send the poor child away at once, thou wilt be her worst enemy."

"Thou art laughing at me, my daughter, as the men and women talk in the feuilleton of *Le Petit Journal*."

Felicite paused just an instant and then, as the men and women talk in the feuilleton of *Le Petit Journal*, she hinted—and her ambiguity was sadly puzzling at first to the downright comprehension of the old lady—that Mr. Seton had intentions in her favor; and that as it was plain that Genevieve was beginning to think a good deal of herself, Madame Trudin was bound, both by motherly duty and feeling, to do anything for his comfort or enjoyment; but why did he not speak to her?—why had he so much pleasant talk, and such a devoted manner towards her aunt, and not one word for her?

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lady was alarmed at the stern dignity that stiffened every line of the proud face:

"There is neither doubt nor fear in my mind about Mr. Seton; it is of Genevieve I speak—I fear for her. Mother, remember how I suffered once; wilt thou not spare this child?"

The words came with such strange earnestness that the mother, all unused to confidence of any kind from her wise, queen-like daughter, submitted at once.

"Good, good, my Felicite, thou art always thinking for every one. Go out into the garden to Monsieur; he has been left too long to amuse himself. I will send my poor little darling away, and if thou keepest the side of the garden farthest from the gate, no one need be any the wiser when she goes."

Felicite's lip curled at the last word. Was her mother still afraid that Genevieve could stand in her aunt's way?—and yet why did Felicite's own heart beat with such full painful throbs; could all this eager, pent-up desire be only consideration for Genevieve?

"Ah, Felicite! Genevieve is gone—poor, dear little angel! without so much as saying 'Good-bye.'

The dark shadow was on Mademoiselle's handsome face. She came into the house and called to Marie—

"Marie, did you see Mademoiselle Genevieve go away? Had she her hat on?"

"Yes." The privileged old servant came out, wiping her hands on her blue stuff apron. "Did you not hear Eloïde just when you took Madame away into the salie? Well, she came calling Mademoiselle to see the fine haul of crabs that they had brought in down below. I heard her tell Mademoiselle Genevieve that she had come to fetch her home, and the Monsieur said he should like to see the crabs too, and they were all off to the shore together, not two minutes ago."

"Peste!" muttered so deeply between Felicite's teeth that no one could have heard it; but the old servant saw the tempest in her face. "They are together, after all!"

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

#### Artists' Models in Rome.

A Rome correspondent of the Chicago Republican says: The living models are a curious class of people, and quite numerous. They are, in great part, Italians, and follow no other business.

A model gets his run of customers and makes his engagements weeks ahead. In a school they generally pose a week at a time, for four hours each day, and in private ateliers for any required time.

The schools usually have men for models two weeks, then a woman for one week, as the latter are more scarce and more easily drawn than men. The firmly-marked muscles of the male figure offer a much more difficult problem than the smooth contour of a woman.

The same models pose in all the schools in their turn, coming round once a year or so, or oftener, right along, all their lives, perhaps. I know of one who has posed in a certain atelier regularly for more than thirty years.

One franc an hour is the ordinary compensation, but no model will come at all for less than four francs. Some who have extraordinary forms are able to get larger prices. There is a baker in town who has a face and form finely adapted to pictures of the time of Louis XIV., who is often employed by Meissonier and others at ten francs per hour. There is another fellow who has a Greek cast of form who gets six francs; and an Italian who poses for Christ, for eight francs. All the Italian models profess to pose for Christ, however villainous they may look; many also incline to the role of St. John. The women often have special forte, as the Virgin Mary or Minerva, Venus, etc.

But all this while Madame Trudin is talking through the kitchen window to Seton,

who treads down the mignonette borders before it, that he may put in his head and admire the huge shining brass coffee-pot she shows him. He is getting out his sketch-book, vowing he will have its likeness, thereby eliciting peals of laughter from the maid, and for Marie stands just behind the old lady, with hands on her hips, playing chords when needed.

There is a familiarity in this scene which offends Mademoiselle. She walks up to her mother—she has a question to ask, she says;

but she takes care to smile, for Seton looks at her as she comes in. He has turned away now that she bends down to speak to the old lady; but Felicite is not troubled, she has left his sketch-book on the window-sill, and she shall join him in the garden directly.

He wanders round the house, looking in at all the windows to find Genevieve. She is alone, perhaps; he backs, and gazes at the upper story. Yes, there she is, looking out over the distant country, with a sad, heart-wring expression on her lovely face.

"Come out here into the passage," said Felicite to Madame Trudin. "I do not like Monsieur Seton to see thee in the kitchen. English women do not attend to the details of their menage as we do; he may consider thy presence there ill-bred." Then, as briefly as possible, she told her mother to dismiss Genevieve.

"But, Felicite, what harm does the child do?"

"My mother, have I ever led the astray by my advice? If thou dost not send the poor child away at once, thou wilt be her worst enemy."

"Thou art laughing at me, my daughter, as the men and women talk in the feuilleton of *Le Petit Journal*."

Felicite paused just an instant and then, as the men and women talk in the feuilleton of *Le Petit Journal*, she hinted—and her ambiguity was sadly puzzling at first to the downright comprehension of the old lady—that Mr. Seton had intentions in her favor; and that as it was plain that Genevieve was beginning to think a good deal of herself, Madame Trudin was bound, both by motherly duty and feeling, to do anything for his comfort or enjoyment; but why did he not speak to her?—why had he so much pleasant talk, and such a devoted manner towards her aunt, and not one word for her?

"I want to speak with you a few minutes, Genevieve," said the low, musical voice of Felicite at her elbow. "Come to my room with me."

The girl felt a new, strange rebellion in her till now docile heart. She was not at St. Roque. Why should her aunt take so much upon herself in the grandmother's house? She followed slowly; and just as she went out of the door, she looked behind her. Arthur was waiting to meet her eyes; he knew that they must seek his before she left him, and his glance of fond, warm admiration sent

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

**CONGRESS.**—On the 14th, Mr. Woodward, of Pennsylvania, submitted a resolution ordering an investigation in regard to the letter written by the Republican representative from Missouri to Senator Henderson, asking the latter to withhold his vote against conviction. The Speaker decided that it was not a question of the privileges of the House, but of the Senate—which was able to vindicate its own privileges.

**Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, made a speech against inflation and in favor of a return to specie payments.**

**SURAT.**—The trial of John H. Suratt, which was to have begun at Washington on the 12th, has been postponed until the next term of the court.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—The lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature have passed, over the Governor's veto, the bill abolishing the State Constabulary, by a vote of 145 to 62.

**THE AMERICAN MEDICAL CONVENTION.**—This body assembled in Washington, and was attended by some 450 delegates from all parts of the country. Dr. Gross, of Philadelphia, was President. The delegates, during their stay in Washington, visited the various hospitals and the army medical museum. They were also hospitably entertained by several residents of that city. Reports were made on medical education and kindred subjects, and were ordered to be printed.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—In the House, on the 15th, following resolution was offered by R. H. Dana, (Repub.) of Cambridge:—

"Resolved, That we have carefully abstained from the expression of any opinion as to the impeachment of the President, pending its trial in the Senate of the United States, and from any act that might have even the appearance of an attempt to influence the result of judicial proceedings, and we intend to adhere to that course to the end. We do not consider that we depart from this, our course, and policy, but rather affirm and carry out the same by deprecating, and we do solemnly deprecate all attempts to bring to bear upon Senators, in the discharge of their judicial duties, the force of asserted local opinions, and still more, the force of the organization of discipline, opinion or wishes of political parties."

"We believe that such action by whatever parties attempted is an impeachment of the character of the Senate, and destroys the moral effect of the judgment whichever way it may be rendered, and is subservient of our entire political system."

A long debate took place on the resolution, when the House voted by 100 to 87 nays to indefinitely postpone the resolution.

In the Senate a preamble with the following resolution was offered by General Schuyler and referred to the Committee on Federal Relations.

"Resolved, That, standing firm upon the principles of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights, and refraining from even an appearance of

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

**Lola Montez.**

The death, a few weeks ago, of the old ex-King of Bavaria, the friend and protector of Lola Montez, has caused a revival of gossip about that noted and notorious woman. You may remember that she died here seven or eight years ago, in a condition bordering on destitution. The physician who cared for her in her last illness never received pay for his services, and the owner of the little garret where she died had a bill for several weeks' rent that he could not collect. The headstone that marks her grave in Greenwood was paid for by one of Lola's acquaintances, and bears the simple inscription "Eliza Gilbert" with her age, which I do not exactly remember.

During her last illness a lawyer of this city waited upon her physician and told him that Lola owned certain real estate in Bavaria, presented to her by the king, and which she was at full liberty to sell, while if she neglected to sell it, the property would revert to the government at her death. They offered two hundred thousand dollars for the title deeds, or rather for her signature to certain papers they had prepared. The poor suffering woman took the papers and offered to consider the matter. Here was an opportunity to settle herself comfortably for the remainder of her life, to pay all her indebtedness and fully compensate all who rendered her service. Only her signature, properly certified, upon two documents, to gain two hundred thousand dollars. But on the other hand she professed to have changed her heart and conduct, and abandoned for ever her life of wickedness. Believing herself a Christian, could she accept this pecuniary compensation for her vicious career in Bavaria? At the end of three days she signified her willingness to sign the papers. Witnesses were called, she wrote her name at the bottom of one document and began the signature to the second. As she formed the second or third letter she dropped the pen with a second explanation, and refused to write more. Tearing the papers into fragments, she declared that no pecuniary distress could induce her to accept this price of her shameless course, and forbade the subject ever to be mentioned to her again. And so she relented temptation and died in poverty.

—T. W. Knoz, to *Cin. Gas.*

*From the American Agriculturist, N. Y. City.*

"The Great American Tea Company," 31 and 33 Vesey street, N. Y., advertised in our columns, though doing an immense business all over the country, has not even been complained of to us more than two or three times in as many years. On this account, as well as for other reasons we have previously stated, we believe general satisfaction is given to their customers. But stimulated by their success, several of the swindling fraternity have started or pretend to have started other "Tea Companies,"—some copying very nearly the advertisements, etc. of the old company. Some of these we know to be humbugs, (one was noted last month,) and as to others we have not evidence sufficient to warrant us in admitting their advertisements.

The English are advocating our cheese factory system, for they say American cheese has become so good as seriously to compete with their best, and they complain that the Americans are sharp fellows.

Many years ago the late Amos Cummings, meeting a bank president in the street, suggested to him that he should want some money in a day or two. "If you wish to talk money," replied the president, "you can call in at the bank, and I will talk with you." A few days afterward, the bank president meeting Mr. C., asked him the price of flour. "If you wish to talk flour, sir, you can call in at my store, and I will talk with you," was the quick retort.

An English paper has discovered the line which divides a distinction from a difference. It says that "a little difference frequently makes many enemies; while a little distinction attracts hosts of friends to the person on whom it is conferred."

The elephant Romeo broke from his fastenings at a circus in New York last Friday, killed a dog and was proceeding to commit other damage, when he was stopped by a shot in the only eye that remained to him, so that he is now entirely blind. His other eye was shot out last winter.

The personal squabbles in the House recently, prove that some of our Representatives are proficients (and the others great admirers) of the art of blackguardism. John Morrisey, after all, seems to be quite a gentleman among them.

A California paper has this encouraging notice of a *debutant*:—"The young man would do well enough in small roles, if he were not at a loss what to do with his arms and legs, and had a better presence and delivery, and a slight knowledge of stage business, together with several years of professional experience."

Two Englishmen, one of whom is known to love his money, were at dinner in a Paris restaurant. "Let's have a bottle of Corton!" said Reckless, who is very poor. "Well, Corton is deuced dear," said Dives; "let's have some ordinary Bordo!" So they did; and when it came Dives tasted it, and said: "Now I call that good. That's what I call an honest wine." "Yes," replied his friend, "I should say poor, but honest."

"Ma," said a three year old boy, "what is Mr. —'s baby doing?" He pointed to the chrome of the Reading Magdalen. "She's reading," said his mother. "No, she isn't," responded the boy. "What do you think she is doing, then?" asked the mother. "She's crying because Mr. — won't buy her any clothes!"

An old gentleman in New York, about 80 years of age, a short time ago made three attempts on the same day to commit suicide—first, by hanging himself by the neck; next by drowning, placing his head in a pool of water, and the last time by cutting his throat with a razor. On the first attempt he was interrupted; the second time he was unobserved, but he says he could not make his head stay under water, and the third time he only succeeded in inflicting slight gashes.

Garibaldi has lucid intervals. At Orvieto, a few weeks ago, when a lot of idlers shouted "Evviva la Republica!" under his window, he exclaimed impatiently, "You call for the Republic, and you are not fit for it. You must first learn to work."

**Why not also Use the Left Hand?**

This suggestion from the Atlas is worth considering:—"It is a very old custom to quip the Celestials about the cramping shoe, wherewith they are wont to afflict the Celestial fair; but why do we, with all our wisdom, persist in condemning the left hand to comparative uselessness? There is no reason in nature for it. It is every bit as well endowed as the right, and possesses, if anything, more delicacy of touch. A button polisher at Birmingham realised a fortune by departing from our time-honored custom. He set his people to polish with both hands at once, and thus executed nearly double the quantity of work, and attained a more brilliant surface. Is there, after all, any latent cause for this general tying-up of the left? We have never heard of one, and have quite failed to discover any. Let any one perseveringly try it for a time, and he will find the neglected one soon enter into competition with the right. It improves both.

A THOUSAND years a poor man watched Before the gates of Paradise; But while one little nap he snatched, It opened and shut. Ah! was he wise?

The interior of the Abyssinian fortress of Magdala, recently captured by the British, presented a dazzling sight. The place was glowing with barbaric splendor, and was of course at once plundered by the captors. They found four royal crowns made of solid gold, \$20,000 in silver, 1,000 silver plates, several lots of rich jewels, and other articles of great value.

**THE MARKETS.**

**FLOUR.**—The market has been very quiet. 500 bushels of City Mills flour, originally \$10.00 per barrel, \$9 for superfine; \$9.50-\$10.50 for extra; \$10.50-\$11.50 for Northwest extra family; \$11.50-\$12.50 for Penna extra family; \$11-\$12 for Ohio extra flour, and \$12.50-\$13 per barrel for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye—10 bushels \$10.50 per barrel. Flax sold at \$10.50-\$11.50 per barrel.

**GRAIN.**—Prime Wheat continues scarce. 300 bushels of red sold at \$2.00-\$2.50 for fair to prime, and \$2.50 for choice. White ranges from \$2.00-\$2.50 bushel according to quality. Rye—10 bushels \$10.50 per barrel. Corn—50,000 bushels of prime Penna corn, \$1.50-\$1.75 per barrel, mixed at \$1.50-\$1.75, and 300 bushels white at \$1.75-\$2.00 per barrel. Oats—15,000 bushels of Western sold at \$1.50-\$1.75 per barrel, and 300 bushels of Southern at \$1.50-\$1.75, the latter for choice light.

**PROVISIONS.**—The market has been quiet. Prime Bacon—Sales at \$10.50-\$11.50 per barrel. Pack bacon is still at \$10.50. Beef Hams at \$17-\$18; Sides at 17@18c; and Shoulders at 18@19c, and salt Shoulders sold at 18@19c. Ham, 500 bushels at 10c per barrel. Bacon, 500 bushels at 10c per barrel. Butter—Sales of solid packed at \$1.25-\$1.50, and kugs, in small lots, at \$1.25-\$1.50 per barrel. Butter—Sales of solid packed at \$1.25-\$1.50, and roll at \$1.25-\$1.50 per barrel, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 16@18c per barrel.

**COTTON.**—The market has been dull; about 800 bales of middlings, in lots at \$0.50-\$1.00 per pound, and \$1.00 for the Orient.

**FRUIT.**—Dried Apples: sales at \$0.50-\$1.00 per pound; sales of quarters at 75@80c, and halves at 11@12c per pound. Pared Peaches range at from 10@12c to 15@16c per pound.

**PLASTER.**—A cargo of soft sold at \$2.50 per ton.

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

## Mixed Up Slightly.

Here is a little article from the pen of Mark Twain, giving an account of a visit, while in New York, to the great Bible House:

Still on the fifth floor is a huge room with nineteen large Adams's steam presses, all manned by women (four of them confounded pretty, too,) smacking off Bibles in Dutch, Hebrew, Yem Yam, Cherokee, etc., at a rate that was truly fructifying to contemplate. (I don't know the meaning of that word, but I heard it used somewhere yesterday, and it struck me as being an unusually good word.) Any time that I put in a word that doesn't balance the sentence good, I would be glad if you would take it out and put in that one.) Adjoining was another huge room for drying the printed sheets (very pretty girls in there, and young), and pressing them (the sheets, not the girls). They used hydraulic presses, (three of the prettiest were ours, and never a sign of a waterfall—the girls I mean)—and each of them is able to down with the almost incredible weight of eight hundred tons of solid Simpson pressure, (the hydraulics I am referring to now, of course,) and one has got blue eyes, and both the others brown. Ah me! I have got this hydraulic business tangled a little, but I can swear that it is no fault of mine. You needn't go to blame me about it. You have got to pay just the same as if it were as straight as a shingle. I can't afford to go in dangerous places, and then get my wages docked in the bargain.

## Woman's Word-Book.

*Abandon*—A term synonymous with "jilt." Used by the jilters. "The fact is, my dear, I was obliged to abandon him."

*Abominable*—The conduct of a man who has flirted without coming to the point. Used by mamma.

*About*—An indefinite preposition affixed to sums spent or received. About \$5 disbursed means generally over a tenner. About \$5 paid in house bills means a couple of sovereigns or so.

*Abound*—Every argument which does not entirely coincide with a woman's wishes.

*Abuse*—Any serious remark inciting a reprimand.

*Abuse*—Admits of different definitions according to the station of the persons employing it. A cook is abusive who informs her mistress she is a stingy old cat, and ought to be ashamed of calling herself a lady. But the cook says her mistress is abusive when she replies, "It is very sad to hear you speak in such a manner, and you must leave my house at once." —*Tomahawk*.

## General Sherman.

The Columbus Journal tells the following of General Sherman:—"At one of the Connecticut towns where he was brought out on the platform to be seen by his fellow-citizens, just before the train left he observed a tall, awkward-looking fellow approach the crowd, elbowing the crowd in the most excited manner, and bellowing 'Sherman! Sherman! don't you know me?' The General intimated that he did not, at the moment, recognize his questioner as a familiar acquaintance. 'Don't you remember, down in Georgia, stopping one day on the march where there was a crowd of fellows looking on at a chicken fight?' The General laughed. 'Yes, he did remember.' 'Well,' said the fellow, with a grin of ineffable satisfaction and modest triumph, 'that was my rooster what whipped.'

*Anecdote of Whitefield*.—A new book on Whitefield has recently appeared in England, from which we quote two anecdotes that we do not remember to have seen hitherto in print:

When Mr. Whitefield was in the zenith of his popularity Lord Clare, who knew that his influence was considerable, applied to him, by letter, requesting his assistance at Bristol at the ensuing general election. To this request Mr. Whitefield replied that in general elections he never interfered; but he would earnestly exhort his lordship to use great diligence to make his own particular calling and election sure.

*A Lost Chatel*.—Every one remembers "the intelligent contraband" who so often brought us news from the enemy's lines. One of this type, on reporting himself, was examined by an officer on duty.

"Where are you from?" he asked.

"Culpepper Court House, sah."

"Any news?"

"Nolin' massa, copt dars a man down dar lost a mighty good and valuable nigger dis mornin', and I speck he dun lose more afore de night!"

He was allowed to pass on.

*A Curiosity*.—Meeting a gentleman of his acquaintance one day in the street, Dr. M.—was informed of a singular circumstance which had just happened: "A child had been born half black." Questioning his informer as to the fact, and dwelling upon its remarkable nature, he went on with the declaration: "he must look into that;" and a day or two after called upon his friend for further particulars. "What," he asked, "was the color of the other half of the child?" "Black, too." The doctor, who was a great wag, was sold.

*Ritualism*.—An advanced young woman of seven or eight summers had been brought up to go to "meeting," and consequently was ignorant of the doctrinal significance of the terms High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, Ritualism, etc., etc. She had been taken by a friend to the Episcopal Church on a Communion Sunday, and on returning home was asked by her papaw how she liked the service. She replied: "I don't like to go to a place where the minister has to change his shirt three times during meeting."

*Juvenile Curiosity*.—"Won't you cut open a penny for me, father?" said a little girl, when she came home from school one day.

"Cut open a penny! What do you want me to do that for?" asked her father.

"Cause," said the little girl, "our teacher says that in every penny there are four farthings, and I want to see them."



LOOKING FORWARD.

OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.—"Pray, don't put too many coals on, Mary! It makes me shiver to think that in three hundred years we shall have none left!"

## ALLEN.

## BY PENHURST.

The moon was high across the dell;  
The river at our feet  
Was whispering to the yellow sands,  
A story low and sweet:—  
You know the yellow mavis trilled  
Across the yellow lea  
His love-song, and we fondly felt  
'Twas meant for you and me,  
    Aileen,  
    Twas meant for you and me.  
  
I mind me of the happy hush,  
    That fell along the air:  
We looked into each other's eyes,  
    And read a lesson there;  
And oh, how glad a hope rose up!  
    How joyous, fresh and free  
The first wild-flower of love that sprung  
To bloom for you and me,  
    Aileen,  
    To bloom for you and me.  
  
We parted late; the nightly dews  
Were streaked with belts of gray;  
A fiery star sped up across  
The rosy edge of day;  
Happy the treacherous river bore  
Our secret to the sea:—  
It left behind one happy night  
Of love to you and me,  
    Aileen,  
    Of love to you and me.

## No Secret, Doctor.

"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanician, among a number of others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor; who had a kind and cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. 'No secret, doctor,' he replied, 'I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready; and she has done so many little things to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.' What influence then has woman over the heart of man to soften it, and make it the foundation of cheerful and pure emotions? Speak gently, then; a kind greeting, after the toils of the day are over, costs nothing, and goes far towards making home happy and peaceful. Young wives and girls, candidates for wives, should keep this in mind; as to older wives, experience may have already taught them this important lesson. And what we say to wives, we say also to husbands. A loving word and kiss go very far with a woman.

## Primitive Color of the Horse.

With respect to the primitive color of the horse having been dun, Col. Hamilton Smith has collected a large body of evidence, showing that this tint was common in the East as far back as the time of Alexander, and that the wild horses of Western Asia or Eastern Europe are, or recently were, of various shades of dun. He tells us that not very long ago, a wild breed of dun-colored horses with a spinal stripe was preserved in the royal parks in Prussia. I bear from Hungary that the inhabitants of that country look at the duns with the spinal stripe as the aboriginal stock, and so it is in Norway. Dun-colored ponies are not rare in the mountainous parts of Devonshire, Wales and Scotland, where the aboriginal breed would have had the best chance of being preserved. In South America, in the time of Asara, when the horse had been feral for about 250 years, 90 out of 100 horses were "hai-chatas," and the remaining ten were "zains," and not more than one in 2,000 black. Zain is generally translated as dark without any white; but as Asara speaks of mules being "zain-clair," I suspect that zain must have meant dun-colored. In some parts of the world feral horses show a strong tendency to become roans. In the following chapters on the pigeon we shall see that in pure breeds of various colors, when a blue bird is occasionally produced, certain black marks invariably appear on the wings and tail; so, again, when variously colored breeds are crossed,

blue birds with the same black marks are frequently produced. We shall further see that these facts are explained by, and afford strong evidence in favor of, the view that all the breeds are descended from the rock-pigeon, or *Columba livia*, which is thus colored and marked. But the appearance of the stripes on the various breeds of the horse, when of a dun color, does not afford nearly such good evidence of their descent from a single primitive stock as in the case of the pigeon; because no certainly wild horse is known as a standard of comparison; because the stripes when they do appear are variable in character; because there is far from sufficient evidence of the appearance of the stripes from the crossing of distinct breeds; and, lastly, because all the species of the genus equus have the spinal stripe, and several have shoulder and leg stripes. Nevertheless the similarity in the most distinct breeds in their general range of color, in their dappling, and in the occasional appearance, especially in duns, of leg stripes and of double or triple shoulder stripes, taken together, indicate the probability of descent of all the existing races from a single dun-colored, more or less striped, primitive stock, to which our horses still occasionally revert. —*Darwin's Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*.

## An Abyssinian Beau.

The natives distill a spirit from their barley, which is said to be something between gin and Hollands in flavor. I have not yet tasted any. Very thick is the strong round a Pares belonging to the commissariat, who is buying up all he can get for government at a dollar for nineteen pounds. Near him is another little crowd; here another commissariat employee is similarly engaged in buying up ghee—that is, clarified or boiled butter—for the native troops. It does not look very nice, and what does not make the sight the pleasanter is, that the women, when they have emptied the jars into the commissariat casks, invariably wipe them out with their hands, then plaster the remainder upon their heads.

An Abyssinian does not consider himself properly dressed unless his hair is shining with oil, not put on or rubbed on, but plastered on, and running down his neck as the sun melts it. The idea is not, according to our ideas, pleasant, but it is a matter of taste. When an Abyssinian really wants to make a great effect, he uses butter, not ghee, and puts it on until his head is as white as that of a London footman. Then he is conscious that he has indeed done it, and walks with a dignity befitting his appearance. There were several swells of the period so got up at the market, and as they stood under the shelter of their straw umbrellas for the sun would melt and destroy the whole effect—I could not but wonder at and admire the different forms which human vanity takes. —*Letter from the British Camp*.

## Politeness.

It is a graceful habit for children to say to each other, "Will you have the goodness?" and "I thank you." We don't like to see prim, artificial children; there are few things we dislike so much as a miniature bear or belle. But the habit of good manners by no means implies affection or restraint. It is quite as easy to say, "Please give me a piece of pie," as to say, "I want a piece of pie." The idea that constant politeness would render social life stiff and restrained, springs from a false estimate of politeness. True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you would like to be treated yourself. A person who acts from this principle will always be said to have "sweet pretty ways with her." It is of some consequence that your daughter should know how to enter and leave a room gracefully, but it is of prodigiously more consequence that she should be in the habit of avoiding whatever is disgusting or offensive to others, and of always considering their pleasure as well as her own.

—*An instructor in a school for young ladies in Berlin has been discharged because he gave, as a subject for essays, "Sentiments and feelings at the sight of an officer of cavalry."*

—*Adam asked Eve if he might take a kiss. She replied:—"I don't care, Adam, if you do." Innocent-minded readers will see nothing in this!*

## AGRICULTURAL.

The Tobacco Worm and Miller.

A Kentuckian planter relates his experience as follows in the *Ruralist*:

Having, like all tobacco planters, suffered

by the ravages of this destructive insect, I

set myself to watch its movements and as-

certain its habits. I found it intensely fond

of sucking the blossoms of the "Jimson

weed," (Jamestown weed,) thorn apple,

(stramonium,) wild morning glory, &c.;

but especially the former. I set out among

them eight or ten "Jimson" plants, which

grew and blossomed just in time for this

pest of an insect. I procured from a drug-

gist an ounce of pulverized fly powder or

fly stone, (cobalt, probably the corrosive

chloride of mercury) mixed it with water making

it very sweet with honey, (sugar or molasses

will do as well,) put it in a half pint bottle,

with a cork, through which I inserted a

goose quill. Thus armed, I went every

evening between sunset and twilight, and

dropped about three drops of the mixture

into the "Jimson" blossoms, and the next

day would pick up handfuls of the dead in-

sects, and so eminent was my success, that

many of my neighbors were induced to try

the experiment, and the consequence is, that

the crops of our neighborhood are much less

injured than usual by them. The poison de-

stroys the particular blossom to which it is

applied as well as the fly. Hence it is ne-

cessary to drop it into the new blossoms

which put out every day. My crop has been

so far protected this year by this process as

sorely to show that any such insect ex-

isted at all.

We copy the above not only for the benefit

of tobacco raisers, but to remark that this

planter went to work in a very sensible way

—observing the habits of the insect,—and

was rewarded for his pains by a discovery

of which he was able to avail himself to good

purpose. Does not this experience contain a

hint to gardeners and fruit raisers? Can

they not find, if they carefully watch the

habits of the insects which injure their

plants, some plant or flower which they can

use as a bait for their destruction?

## To Prevent Animals Jumping Fences.

Various devices have been resorted to in

order to prevent such trespasses, and espe-

cially in regard to sheep, but none have suc-

ceeded, or only in a limited degree. Now we

have a new one, and if it is not cruel or

painful, or will not greatly discommode the

animal operated upon, and is a remedy, we

can see no objection to employing it. It is

to "clip off the eyelashes of the under lids,

with a pair of scissars, and the ability or dis-

position to jump is as effectively destroyed as

Simpson's power was by the loss of his locks.

The animal will not attempt a fence again

until the eyelashes are grown."

This fact has been promulgated by that

distinguished breeder of cattle, Mr. Samuel

Thorne, of Dutchess county, N. Y., who

says that he tested it upon a very brawny